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THE WILL.—A tale founded on Fact.

By Miss Mary Russell Mitford.

Nothing in the whole routine of country life seems to me more capricious and unaccountable than the choice of a county beauty. Every shire in the kingdom, from Brobdingnagian York to Lilliputian Rutland, can boast of one. The existence of such a personage seems as essential to the well being of a provincial community as that of a queen bee in a hive; and except by some rare accident, when two fair sisters for instance of nearly equal pretensions appear in similar dresses at the same archery meetings, you as seldom see two queens of Brentford in the one society as the other. Both are elective monarchies, and, both tolerable despotic; but so far I must say for the little winged people that one comprehends the impulse which guides them in the choice of a sovereign far better than the motives which influence their brother insects, the bees; and the reason of this superior sagacity in the lesser swarms is obvious. With them the election rests in a natural instinct an unerring sense of fitness, which never fails to discover with admirable discrimination the only she who suits their purpose; whilst the other set of voluntary subjects, the plumeless bipeds, are unluckily abandoned to their own wild will, and, although from long habits of imitation almost as unanimous as the bees, seem guided in their operation by the merest caprice, the veriest chance, and select their goddess, the goddess of beauty, blindfold—as the blue coat boys draw or used to draw, the tickets in a lottery.

Nothing is so difficult to define, as the customary qualification of the belle of a country assembly. Face or person it certainly is not; for take a stranger into the room, and it is at least two to one but he will fix on twenty damsels prettier than the county queen; nor, so do the young gentleman justice, is it fortune or connexion; for, so as the lady come within the prescribed limits of county gentility, (which by the way are sufficiently arbitrary and exclusive) nothing more is required in a beauty—whatever might be excepted in a wife; fortune it is not, still less is it rank, and least of all accomplishments. In short it

seems to me equally difficult to define what is the requisite and what is not; for, on looking back through twenty years to the successive belles of the B——shire balls, I cannot fix on any one definite qualifications. One damsel seemed to me chosen for gaily and good humor, a merry, laughing girl; another for haughtiness and airs; one because her father was hospitable, another because her mother was pleasant; one became fashionable because related to a fashionable poet, whilst another stood on her own independent merits as one of the boldest riders in the hunt, and earned her popularity at night by her exploits in the morning.

Among the whole list, the one who commanded the most universal admiration, and seemed to me to approach nearest to the common notion of a pretty woman, was the high born and graceful Constance Lisle. Besides being a tall, elegant figure, with finely chiselled features and a pale but delicate complexion, relieved by large dark eyes full of sensibility, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, her whole air and person were eminently distinguished by that undefinable look of fashion and high breeding, that indisputable stamp of superiority, which for want of a better word, we are content to call style. Her manners were in admirable keeping with her appearance.—Gentle, gracious, and self-possessed, courteous to all and courting none, she received the flattery to which she had been accustomed from her cradle as mere words of course, and stimulated the ardor of her admirers by her calm non-notice, infinitely more than a finished coquette would have done by all the *agaceries* of the most consummate vanity.

Nothing is commoner than the affectation of indifference. But the indifference of Miss Lisle was so obviously genuine, that the most superficial coxcomb that buzzed around her could hardly suspect its reality. She headed admiration no more than the queen of the garden, the lady lily, whom she so much resembled in modest dignity. It played around her as the sunny air of June around the snow white flower, her common and natural atmosphere.

This was perhaps one reason for the number of beaux who fluttered around Constance.

It puzzled and piqued them. They were unused to be of so little consequence to a young lady and could not make it out. Another cause might perhaps be found in the splendid fortune which she inherited from her mother, and which even independently of her expectations from her father, rendered her the greatest match and richest heiress in the county.

Richard Lisle, her father, a second son of the ancient family of Lisle of Lisle-End, had been one of those men born, as it seems to fortune, with whom every undertaking prospers through a busy life. Of an ardent and enterprising temper, he had mortally offended his father and elder brother by refusing to take orders and to accept in due season the family living, which time out of mind had been the provisions of their illustrious house. Rejected by his relations he had gone out as an adventurer to India, had been taken into favor by the head partner of a great commercial house, married his daughter, entered the civil service of the company, been resident at the court of one native prince and governor of the fortified territory of another, had accumulated wealth through all the various means by which in India money has been found to make money, and finally returned to England a widower, with an only daughter, and one of the largest fortunes ever brought from the gorgeous East.

Very different had been the destiny of the family at home. Old Sir Rowland Lisle (for the name was to be found in one of the earliest pages of the Baronetage) an expensive, ostentatious man, proud of his old ancestry, of his old place and of his old English hospitality, was exactly the man to involve any estate, however large in its amount; and, when two contests for the county had brought in their train debt and mortgages, and he had recourse to horse racing and hazard to deaden the sense of his previous imprudence, nobody was astonished to find him dying of grief and shame, a heart-broken and almost ruined man.

His eldest son, Sir Everard, was perfectly free from either of these destructive vices; but he, besides an abundant portion of irritability, obstinacy and family pride, had one quality quite as fatal to the chance of redeeming his embarrassed fortunes, as the electioneering and gambling propensities of his father—to wit, a love of litigation so strong and predominant that it assumed the form of a passion.

He plunged instantly into law suits with creditor and neighbor, and, in despite of the successive remonstrance of his wife, a high-

born and gentle-spirited woman, who died a few years after their marriage, of his daughter, a strong minded girl, who moderately provided for by a female relation, married at eighteen a respectable clergyman, and of his son, a young man of remarkable promise still at college, he had contrived by the time his brother had returned from India, not only to mortgage nearly the whole of his estate; but to get into dispute or litigation with almost every gentleman for ten miles round.

The arrival of the governor afforded some ground of hope to the few remaining friends of the family. He was known to be a man of sense and probity, and by no means deficient in pride after his own fashion, and no one doubted but a reconciliation would take place and a part of the nabob's rupees be applied to the restoration of the fallen glories of Lisle-End. With that object in view, a distant relation contrived to produce a seemingly accidental interview at his own house between the two brothers, who had had no sort of intercourse, except an interchange of cold letters on their father's death, since the hour of their separation.

Never was mediation more completely unsuccessful. They met as cold and reluctant friends; they parted as confirmed and bitter enemies. Both, of course were to blame, and equally of course, each laid the blame on the other. Perhaps the governor's intentions might be the kindest. Undoubtedly his manner was the worst: for scolding, harranguing, and laying down the law, as he had been accustomed to do in India, he at once offered to send his nephew abroad with the certainty of accumulating an ample fortune, and to relieve his brother's estate from mortgage, and allow him a handsome income on the small condition of taking possession himself of the family-mansion and the family property—a proposal coldly and stiffly refused by the elder brother, who without deigning to notice the second proposition, declined his son's entering into the service of a commercial company, much in the spirit and almost in the words of Rob Roy, when the good Bailie Nicol Jarvis proposed to apprentice his hopeful offspring to the mechanical occupation of a weaver. The real misfortune of the interview was that the parties were too much alike, both proud, both irritable, both obstinate, and both too much accustomed to deal with their inferiors.

The negotiation failed completely; but the governor, clinging to his native place with a mixed feeling compounded of love to the spot and hatred to its proprietor, purchased at an

exorbitant price an estate close at hand, built a villa, and laid out grounds with the usual magnificence of an Indian, bought every acre of land that came under sale for miles around, was shrewdly suspected of having secured some of Sir Everard's numerous mortgages, and in short proceeded to invest Lisle-End just as formally as the besieging army sat down before the citadel of Antwerp. He spared no pains to annoy his enemy; defended all the actions brought by his brother, the lord of many manors, against trespassers and poachers: disputed his motions at the vestry; quarrelled with his decisions on the bench; turned Whig because Sir Everard was a Tory; and set the whole parish and half the county by the ears by his incessant squabbles.

Amongst the gentry, his splendid hospitality, his charming daughter, and the exceeding unpopularity of his adversary, who at one time or other had been at law with nearly all of them, commanded many partizans. But the common people frequently great sticklers for hereditary right, adhered for the most part to the cause of their landlord—ay, even those with whom he had been disputing all his life long. This might be partly ascribed to their universal love for the young Squire Henry whose influence among the poor fairly balanced that of Constance among the rich; but the chief cause was certainly to be found in the character of the governor himself.

At first it seemed a fine thing to have obtained so powerful a champion in every little scrape. They found, however, and pretty quickly, that in gaining this new and magnificent protector they had also gained a master. Obedience was a necessary of life to our Indian, who, although he talked about liberty and equality, and so forth, and looked on them abstractedly as excellent things, had no very exact practical idea of their operation, and claimed in England the same "lawful rule and just supremacy" which he had exercised in the East. Every thing must bend to his sovereign will and pleasure, from the laws of the cricket to the laws of the land; so that the sturdy farmers were beginning to grumble, and his *protégés*, the poachers, to rebel, when the sudden death of Sir Everard put an immediate stop to his operations and his enmity.

For the new Sir Henry, a young man beloved by every body, studious and thoughtful, but most amiably gentle and kind, his uncle had always entertained an involuntary respect, a respect due at once to his admirable conduct and his high-toned and interesting character. They knew each other by sight, but

had never met until a few days after the funeral when the governor repaired to Lisle-End in deep mourning, shook his nephew heartily by the hand, consoled with him on his loss, begged to know in what way he could be of service to him, and finally renewed the offer to send him out to India with the same advantages that would have attended his own son; which he had previously made to Sir Everard. The young heir thanked him with a smile rather tender than glad, which gave its sweet expression to his countenance, sighed deeply, and put into his hands a letter "which he had found," he said, "among his poor father's papers, and which must be taken for his answer to his uncle's generous and too tempting offers."

"You refuse me then?" asked the governor.

"Read that letter and tell me if I can do otherwise. Only read that letter," resumed Sir Henry; and his uncle curbing with some difficulty his natural impatience, opened and read the paper.

It was a letter from a dying father to a beloved son, conjuring him by the duty he had ever shown to obey his last injunction, and neither to sell, let or alienate nor leave Lisle-End; to preserve the estate entire and undiminished so long as the rent sufficed to pay the interest of the mortgages; to live among his own tenantry in his own old halls so long as the ancient structure would yield him shelter, "Do this, my beloved son," pursued the letter, "and take your father's tenderest blessing; and believe that a higher blessing will follow on the sacrifice of interest, ambition and worldly enterprize, to the will of a dying parent. You have obeyed my injunctions living—do not scorn them dead. Again and again I bless you prime solace of a life of struggle my dear my dutiful son!"

"Could I disobey?" inquired Sir Henry, as his uncle returned him the letter; "could it even be a question?"

"No!" replied the governor peevishly.—"But to mew you up with the deer and the pheasants in this wild old park, to immure a fine spirited lad in this huge old mansion along with family pictures and suits of armor, and all for a whim, a crochet, which can answer no purposes on earth—it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"It will not be for long," returned Sir Henry, gently. "Short as it is, my race is almost run. And then thanks to the unbroken entail—the entail which I never could prevail to have broken, when it might have spared him so much misery—the park, mansion, estate, even the armor and family pictures, will pass

into much better hands—into yours. And Lisle-End will once more flourish in splendor and in hospitality."

The young baronet smiled as he said this; but the governor, looking on his tall, slender figure and pallid cheek, felt that it was likely to be true, and wringing his hand in silence, was about to depart, when Sir Henry begged him to remain a moment longer.

"I have still one favor to beg of you, my uncle—one favor which I may beg. When last I saw Miss Lisle at the house of Mrs. Beauchamp (for I have twice accidentally had the happiness to meet her there) she expressed a wish that you had such a piece of water in your grounds as that at the east end of the park, which luckily adjoins your demesne.—She would like, she said, a pleasure vessel on that pretty lake. Now I may not sell, or let, or alienate—but surely I may lend. And, if you will accept this key, and she will deign to use as her own the Lisle-End mere, I need not, I trust say how sacred from all intrusion from me or mine the spot would prove or how honored I should feel myself if it could contribute, however slightly to her pleasure.—Will you tell her this?"

"You had better come and tell her yourself."

"No! Oh no!"

"Well then, I suppose I must."

And the governor went slowly home whistling, not for "want of thought," but a frequent custom of his when any thing vexed him.

About a month after this conversation, the father and daughter were walking through a narrow piece of woodland, which divided the highly ornamented gardens of the governor with their miles of gravel walks and acres of American borders from the magnificent park of Lisle-End. The scene was beautiful, and the weather, a sunny day in early May, shewed the landscape to an advantage belonging, perhaps to no other season; on the one hand, the gorgeous shrubs, trees and young plantations, of the new place, the larch in its tenderest green, lilacs, laburnums, and horse-chestnuts, in their flowery glory, and the villa, with its irregular and oriental architecture, rising above all; on the other, the magnificent oaks and beeches of the park, now stretching into avenues, now clumped on its swelling lawns (for the ground was remarkable for its inequality of surface) now reflected in the clear water of the lake, into which the woods sometimes advanced in mimic promontories, receding again into tiny bays, by the side of which

the dappled deer lay in herds beneath the old thorns; whilst, on an eminence, at a considerable distance, the mansion a magnificent structure of Elizabeth's day, with its gable ends and clustered chimneys, stood silent and majestic as a pyramid in the desert. The spot on which they stood had a character of extraordinary beauty, and yet different from either scene. It was a wild glen, through which an irregular footpath led to the small gate in the park, of which Sir Henry had sent Constance the key, the shelving banks on either side clothed with furze in the fullest blossom, which scented the air with its rich fragrance, and would almost have dazzled the eye with its golden lustre but for a few scattered firs and hollies; and some straggling clumps of the feathery birch.—The nightingales were singing around; the wood-pigeons cooing overhead, and the father and daughter passed slowly and silently along, as if engrossed by the sweetness of the morning and the loveliness of the scene.

They were thinking of nothing less; as was proved by the first question of the governor, who, always impatient of any pause in conversation, demanded of his daughter "what answer he was to return to the offer of Lord Fitzallan."

"A courteous refusal, my dear father, if you please," answered Constance.

"But I do not please," replied her father, with his crossest whistle. "Here you say No! and No! and No! to every body instead of marrying some one or other of these young men who flock round you, and giving me the comfort of seeing a family of grand-children about me in my old age. No to this lord! and No to that! I verily believe you mean to die an old maid."

"I do not expect to live to be an old maid," sighed Constance; "but nothing is so unlikely as my marrying."

"Whew!" ejaculated the governor. "So she means to die as well as her cousin!—What has put that notion in your head, Constance? Are you ill?"

"Not particularly," replied the daughter, "But yet I am persuaded that my life will be a short one. And so, my dear father, as you told me the other day that now that I am of age I ought to make my will, I have just been following your advice."

"Oh that accounts for your thinking of dying. Every body at first making a will expects not to survive above a week or two. I did not myself, I remember, some forty years ago, when, having scraped a few hundreds

together, I thought it a duty to leave them to some body. But I got used to the operation as I became richer and older. Well, Constance! you have a pretty little fortune to bequeath—about three hundred thousand pounds; as I take it. What have you done with your money?—not left it to me I hope?"

"No, dear father, you desired me not."

"That's right. But whom have you made your heir?—Your maid, Nannette? or your lapdog Bijou?—they are your prime pets—or the County Hospital? or the Literary Fund? or the National Gallery? or the British Museum?—ah Constance?"

"None of these, dear father. I have left my property where it will certainly be useful, and I think well used—to my cousin Henry of Lisle-End."

"Her cousin Henry of Lisle-End!" re-echoed the father smiling. "So so! Her cousin Henry!"

"But keep my secret, I conjure you, dear father!" pursued Constance, eagerly.

"Her cousin Henry!" said the governor to himself, sitting down on the side of the bank to calculate; "Her cousin Henry! And she may be queen of Lisle-End, as this key proves, queen of the lake, and the land, and the land's master. And the three hundred thousand pounds will more than clear away the mortgages, and I can take care of her jointure and the younger children. I like your choice exceedingly, Constance," continued the father drawing her to him on the bank.

"Oh, my dear father, I beseech you to keep my secret!"

"Yes, yes, we'll keep the secret quite as long as it shall be necessary. Don't blush so my charmer, for you have no need. Let me see—there must be a six months' mourning—but the preparations may be going on just the same. And in spite of my foolish brother and his foolish will, my Constance will be lady of Lisle-End."

And within six months the wedding did take place; and, if there could be a happier person than the young-bridegroom or his lovely bride, it was the despotic but kind hearted governor.

A Musical Ear.—"Pa I know what piece of music that is which the band is playing—I do." "Do you though?—what is it?" "It's the same that sister plays on the piano; she calls it the overture of a-load of whiskey," (overture to Lodoiska).—*Baltimore American.*

From the New-Yorker.

Stanzas to Melodice.

Sleep, daughter fair! lulled on thy mother's breast,
Thou laughing sunbeam on Life's troubled sea;
Blest be the dreams that gild thy peaceful rest,
And bright the Star of thy nativity!

Heaven's crystal gates for thee are open yet;
Thy soul still sparkles in the golden beams
Which flow from Suns that never rise nor set,
In that pure empyrean of bright dreams.

Why dost thou smile? Do angels beckon thee,
Fanning rich odors from their aure wings,
Brushed from the blossoms of that deathless tree
Which by the Stream of Life in beauty springs?

Why didst thou visit this dull realm of woe,
To beam in Earth's dark sky, thou tranquil gem?
Why didst thou leave the music streams which flow
In that pure clime?—why leave a Diadem?

Didst thou look forth from thy green bower of bliss,
And mark the icy state of this lone heart,
And pray thy God that o'er a Wilderness
Thou might'st diffuse a Spring in every part?

Thou wert indeed a Spring, a verdant Spring,
Unto my weary bosom's wintry state;
Melted each frozen feeling—offering
A world of freshness, all so dear of late.

Rest, infant dear! lulled in thy rosy sleep,
The storms of life can never injure thee;
Thou wert not born in sorrow's shade to weep,
Or curse in thy heart's core pale Misery!

Thus whispers Hope unto a father's heart,
A tale, alas! which mocks reality;
The fairest flowers the soonest eye depart,
And clouds can dim the brightest equinox sky!

But sleep, fair child! though soon may Sorrow come,
And measure out thy share of human woe;
The lot of all beneath Heaven's starry dome,
Alike the portion of the high and low!

Rest, cherub fair! for fullest hope is thine;
Sleep 'neath the shadow of kind angel's wings
Bright be the dreams which o'er thy Spirit shine,
And soft the veil that slumber o'er the slings.

Tale from "The Doctor."

Mrs. Dove was the only child of a clergyman who held a small Vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar school in the country, and having through their influence gained, a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the university, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of Nature's finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of Heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years

younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him, which enables him to bear the buffeting of the storms; but woman, when young, and lovely, and poor, is a shorn lamb, for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury, had become intimate at the House of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper.

The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two Lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them, and laughed with them—till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever.

Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitation could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bedside. The disease proved fatal, it communicated to Bacon and his wife; the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Margaret were then laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month, the widow Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will and left the whole sum which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him, is perhaps doubtful—for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his son-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq. a Wiltshire fox-hunter like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where

she lived in that style which a portion of 6000*l.* enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstances which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Threwbody, informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but that notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieut. Bacon—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and, religion brought with it consolation, and comfort, and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educated a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy, and in endeavoring to fulfill her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was contented to live, and even prayed for life; while if it had respected herself alone, Death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was

then carried off by an acute disease to the irreparable loss of the orphans who were thus orphaned indeed.

Miss Threwbody behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death.—She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence, put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret, that she might do her duty to her sister's child by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage, to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlor. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependence, unalleviated, by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all these years Leonard was left to pass his holidays, summer and winter, at the grammar school, where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death, for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill, the most favorable accounts of his desposition and general conduct as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feelings of kindness, or sense of decent humanity had ever induced either the fox-hunter, Trewman, or Melicent, his sister, to invite him for Midsummer or Christmas.

At length in the seventh year, a letter announced that his school education had been completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at—College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time; in the intervening years, some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required, and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth who bade so fair to do honor to himself, and to reflect no disgrace upon his *honorable connexions*. The head of the family promised his part with an ungracious expression of satisfaction, at thinking that "thank God there would soon be an end to these demands upon him." Mrs. Threwbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit.—However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "please God it should never be said that she refused to do her duty.

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy—an annual ten pounds each; but they contrived to

make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The Squire's half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay,—not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it, and Miss Threwbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself, and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequences of which was that he had left a child, dependent upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half yearly allowance. But Margaret, meantime was dieted upon the food of bitterness without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time of which I am now speaking Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty seven, in the highest state of preservation.—The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books, Nelson's *Festivals and Fasts* was one, the other was "The Queen's Cabinet unlocked;" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful, texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me! when she laid it down, but looking into the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctillios of situation in life; and time which was not devoted to one or the other of the occupations was employed in scolding her servants and tormenting her nieces. This employment, for it was so habitual, that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humors, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapors or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and

found a regular vent in her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health. Nay it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience, it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependants.

Mrs. Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral, at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous and charitable, who lived universally respected and died sincerely lamented, by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey peas, and something of the same color, on their cheeks. There were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

When Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning therefore he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlor where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind towards this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighborhood, from his friend and fellow collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledge his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody as a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained in one of the first families in the country.—

The scowl which she had brought into the room upon her brow passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect, rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the business would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated.

But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamps during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful a memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than into the future; and the favorite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in the summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snow drop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard bank, the blue bells and the cowslip of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild, and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as he then was he saw her frequently in sleep with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls; and in his day dreams he frequently pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the same image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and apprehension of disappointment that he awaited her appearance, and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened and a creature came in, less radiant indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created her, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

"Margaret," said Miss Trewbody, "do you remember your cousin Leonard?"

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. "'Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted! ten years! But I have not forgotten the parting,—nor the blessed days of our childhood."

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in the conversation with his aunt, and kept his eyes and thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her, with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sat trembling and silent. He took her hand, prest it to his lips, and said in a low earnest voice, "dear, dear Margaret." She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, "dear Leonard," and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

I will not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone. Hope will picture it to others, and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood; a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at college, by calling forth a pardonable, if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthy principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting: the reso-

lution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt: for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own—a second birth—dimly but yet in some degree resembling that which is effected by divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returning to Oxford, happier than all this world's wealth could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope—an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields and sunshine from his prison, and hears the larks singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily; and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humanity, but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these, our days, every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing—which said system improves hand writing by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time woman wrote better and spelt worse; but letter writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life,—perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilization has given us. There was then no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rates of eight miles an hour.

Letters came slowly and with long intervals between; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elevated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself interested with an importance which he had never

possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own.

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
Love's golden chain,
With which it's best freedom to be bound.

Happy indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as that same sweet poet says, is he

Who love enjoys, and placid bath his mind
Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace;
Then in himself each store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to find so good a place.*

This was Leonard's case; and when he kissed the paper which her hand had pressed, it was with a consciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affection, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart. To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Whenever they arrived, a headache became the cause or pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber that she might weep and dream over the precious lines.

True, gentle love is like the Summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush,
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush,
O love,—when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unsupplied thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in Spring!†

* Drummmond. † Anna Cunningham.

Translated from the French
The Scold.

There were, not long since, two youths, male and female, who were so affectionately attached, that it appeared to them they could not live without each other; and consequently they soon honestly became husband and wife. During the first two days all was peace and love. But it is always the case, with both men and women, that during courtship they keep concealed many little traits and qualities which after marriage soon discover themselves, and the defects of of the parties are both mutually known. The husband soon learned that his wife, with all her beauty, possessed also an evil and scorching tongue which the slightest causes would set in motion. She loved her husband with all her soul; and of this he was sensible; but he was of a choleric disposition and sometimes replied to his wife's upbraidings in a manner which he was afterwards sorry for. To free himself from the annoyance of her tongue, he gradually fell into the habit of absenting himself from home, and while wandering hither and thither in

company with his friends, became addicted to the bottle. On his return at evening, after having decided upon the quality of various winds, with swollen eyes and stammering tongue, one may well imagine the reception she gave him. As soon as she heard the key turn in the door, she would station herself at the top of the stairs and overwhelm him with a torrent of reproaches. He, half stunned with her clamor, and stupefied with the wine in his head, after some efforts at retorting in her own style, would sneak off to bed. Finally the evil increased to such a degree that they saw each other but little, for the drunken husband slept by himself, and sometimes even did not come home all the night, but slept at the tavern. The wife in despair, went to a "gifted lady," and asked advice of her. From the dealer in forbidden knowledge she obtained a phial of very limpid water, which she said had been brought from beyond the seas by a pilgrim of the greatest virtue and holiness, with the instruction that, when her husband came home, she must immediately fill her mouth with it, taking great care neither to swallow nor spit it out, but keep her mouth closed. The lady thanked her cordially and then hastened home to wait the arrival of her husband and make trial of the virtues of the water. At length the husband, with fear and dread enters the house, and is astonished to find his wife, whose mouth was full of the charmed water, perfectly quiet.—He address a few words to her; but she says nothing. The husband becomes pleasant; she says to herself, behold the effects of the charmed water and is delighted. The husband asks her what has happened? and she acts courteously and looks pleasantly, but makes no reply. Peace is soon made between them. The water lasted many days, during which time they lived as harmoniously as doves. The husband went no more abroad, but found happiness at home. But at last the water of the phial was exhausted, and soon again beheld them in the field of domestic strife. The wife repaired again to the "gifted lady;" but this one said, "alas, the vase in which I kept the water is broken!" "What is to be done!" asked the other. "Hold," replied the sybil, "your mouth exactly as if you had the water in it, and your success will be the same."

Every person similarly situated, is advised to make the experiment. Every sort of water is believed to be equally good, and even without water it is thought the same end may be obtained.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday June 14, 1934.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.—As the first volume of the *Magnolia* is drawing to a close, we invite the attention of our patrons who are in arrears, to the payment of the amount due. Each one must be well aware, that from the size of this paper and quantity of matter it contains, that very trifling profits can be realised at one dollar per annum.—Punctuality in the payment of our dues is therefore absolutely necessary.

From the New-Yorker.

Cure for Sea Sickness.

Capt. Maryatt, the editor of the London *Metropolitan*, is amusing his readers with a series of pictures of nautical life and manners, drawn from his own experience, under the title of "Peter Simple, or the adventures of a Midshipman." Our young midshipman is placed on board a man-of-war, and very naturally falls desperately sick on first acquaintance, and the following mode of treatment which was adopted by an old sailor has, we believe, the merit of originality, as well as complete success:—

"The next day every thing was prepared for sea, and leave was permitted to the officers. Stock of every kind was brought on board, and the large boats hoisted and secured. On the morning after at day-light, a signal from the flag-ship in the harbor was made for us to unmoor; our orders came down to cruise in the Bay of Biscay. The Captain came on board, the anchor weighed, and we ran thro' the Needles with a fine N. E. breeze. I admired the scenery of the Isle of Wight, looked with admiration at Alum Bay, was astonished at the Needle rocks, and then I felt so very ill that I went down below. What occurred for the next six days I cannot tell. I thought that I should die every moment, and lay in my hammock or on the chests the whole of that time, incapable of eating, drinking, or walking about. O'Brien came to me on the seventh morning, and said that if I did not exert myself I should never get well, that he was very fond of me, and had taken me under his protection, and to prove his regard he would do for me what he would not do for any other youngster in the ship, which was to give me a good basting, which was a sovereign remedy for sea-sickness. He suited the

action to the word, and drubbed me on the drie ribs without mercy, until I thought the breath was out of my body, and then he took out a rope's end and thrashed me until I obeyed his orders to go on deck immediately.—Before he came to me, I could never believed it possible that I could have obeyed him, but somehow or other I did contrive to crawl up the ladder to the main deck, where I sat down on the shot racks and cried bitterly.

"What would I have given to be at home again! It was not my fault that I was the greatest fool in the family, yet how was I punished for it! If this was kindness from O'Brien, what had I to expect from those who were not partial to me? But by degrees I recovered myself, and certainly felt a great deal better, and that night I slept very soundly. The next morning O'Brien came to me again. "It's a nasty slow fever, that sea-sickness, my Peter, and we must drive it out of you;" and then he commenced a repetition of yesterday's remedy until I was almost a jelly. Whether the fear of being thrashed drove away my sea-sickness, or whatever might be the real cause of it I do not know, but this is certain, that I felt no more of it after the second beating, and the next morning when I awoke I was very hungry. I hastened to dress myself before O'Brien came to me, and did not see him until we met at breakfast.

"Peter," said he, "let me feel your pulse."

"O no!" replied I, "indeed, I am quite well."

"Quite well! Can you eat biscuit and salt butter?"

"Yes, I can."

"And a piece of fat pork?"

"Yes, that I can."

"It's thanks to me then, Peter," replied he, "so you'll have no more of my medicine until you fall sick again."

"I hope not," replied I, "for it was not very pleasant."

"Pleasant! you simple Simple, when did you ever hear of physis being pleasant unless he prescribes for himself? I suppose you'd be after lollipops for the yellow fever. Live and learn, boy, and thank Heaven that you've found somebody who loves you well enough to baste you when its good for you're health."

"I replied that I certainly hoped that much as I felt obliged to him, I should not require any more proof of his regard."

"Any more such striking proofs, you mean Peter; but let me tell you that they were

sincere proofs; for since you've been ill, I've been eating your pork and drinking your grog which latter can't be too plenty in the Bay of Biscay. And now that I've cured you, you'll be sucking all that into your own little bread basket, so that I am no gainer, and I think that you may be convinced that you never had or will have two more disinterested thumpings in all your born days. However, you're very welcome, so say no more about it."

NEW ENGLAND.

By J. G. Whittier.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake, and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career—the lightnings' shock,—
My own, green land, forever!—
Land of the beautiful and the brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The misery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream!—
Oh—never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His chi'hood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;—
Or, hear unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;—
Or mark the stranger's Jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of the dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil and noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,
Nor feel resentment like a brand,
Unheathing from his fiery heart.

Oh!—greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day beams glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low;—
And there may bend a brighter sky
For green and classic Italy—
And pillared fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over a shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb.—
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes as soft as sighs of love
Above the rich mirrora stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright bird pious play;
Yet unto thee, New England still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Be dearer than the land of palms!—
The mossy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banian's shade,
And every free blue stream of thine

Seem richer than the golden bed
Of Oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below.

Land of my fathers!—If my name,
Now humble, and unweaned to fame,
Hereafter burn upon the lip,
As one of those which may not die,
Linked into eternal fellowship
With visions pure and strong and high—
If the wild dreams which quicken now
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,
Hereafter takes a real form,
Like spectres changed to being warm;
And over temples worn and grey
The star-like crown of glory shine,—
Thine be the bard's undying lay
The murmur of his praise be thine.

An Irishman standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingletrees. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident, asked him—"Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?" "Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to hold on."

At a corporation dinner in England, one of the visitors proposed as a toast: "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country, never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to read the toasts, by omitting the word "distress," completely changed the sentiment and caused great merriment by the blunder.

Married,

On Saturday, the 7th inst. by the Rev. W. Richards, Mr. Peter Becken, to Miss Harriet Ackly.

On Sunday, the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. George Parton, to Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge, all of this city.

At Athens, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cairnes, Mr. Francis Talbot, of Cambridge England, to Miss Mary Ann Woolsey, daughter of Wm. Woolsey, Esq. of the former place.

Died,

At Athens, on the 2d inst. Edward Hinman, aged 93 years. The words of the poet might in truth be applied to him. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

In the city of New-York, on the 27th ult. Goss Stebbins, formerly a resident of Hillsdale, in the 71st year of his age, a soldier of the revolutionary army.

At Athens, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Ann Mazurie, aged, 61 years; wife of William Mazurie.

In this city, on the 30th ult., Robt. Martin, aged 38 years.

On the same day, Miss Charlotte Baldwin, aged 18 years.

From the *Minerva*.
MUSINGS.

Again the peaceful hour returns, and now
 I yield my heart to its sad thoughts. All day
 My lip must wear a smile, my eye must beam
 With seeming pleasures; while I feel the strife
 Of warring passions, I must hide their powers
 By a wild burst of joy, till e'en the gay
 Can wonder at my levity and mirth,
 And sad ones envy, what they please to call,
 My happiness. 'Tis well; for I would not
 That they should know the heart they long have deem-

ed

A flower, so worthless, that e'en grief disdained
 To blight it—would it were so! 'Tis the oak
 Which had defied the storms of this low earth,
 But from the heaven it loved the lightning came,
 And it is scathed and broken! never more
 Shall its sacred trunk put forth one leaf of hope.
 Yet it is almost joy to give my soul
 To these sad musings, and recall to mind,
 Almost to view, the fair and lovely things
 That once were all my own,—when this lone heart
 Was full of brilliant hopes, and this proud brow
 Had never known a cloud. Oh! it was sweet
 To rise each morn, assured the day would bring
 Increase of pleasure, and to rest each night
 Upon a pillow strewn with those bright flowers
 That fancy scatters around the head of youth.
 Now what fair hopes are mine? what brilliant dreams
 Visit my slumbers? A sweet dream of that
 Which soon shall be—a fondly cherished hope;
 Again my pillows shall be strewn with flowers,
 My couch again be smooth, and peaceful sleeps
 Revisit me—but there will be no dreams
 In that soft slumber; I shall wear a dress
 Pure as an infant's heart, and I shall be
 Within the arms of one whose love, though cold,
 Is constant—even the stern bridegroom, Death!
 Perchance some gentle ones will weep, and say
 She was too young, too happy thus to die:
 Yet they would envy me could they but know
 How tranquilly the dead can lie.—I muse
 Often upon the grave, and wonder why
 Men should so cling to life,—I have not seen
 A score of years, yet life has wearied me.
 I marvel to behold the aged man
 Struggling with sorrows, 'rest of all the joys
 That earth can give, yet dreading to meet death.
 He is not terrible—oh no!—he comes
 Like a kind friend who would provide a home
 To shelter those he could not sooner save.

IANTHE.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF
EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

Whatever investigations the captain had instituted with regard to the individual with whom the fire originated, the result was entirely unknown, except to the parties concerned. That due enquiry had been made, we all felt assured; for the crime was one of a very serious nature, and not likely to be overlooked by such a strict disciplinarian as Capt. Morley. Nay, when the systematic arrangements of every thing on board, and the correct information the captain usually had of

whatever passed in the ship, was considered, it seemed extremely probable that the guilty person had been detected. It was not, therefore, matter of astonishment to myself or any one else, when, at six bells in the forenoon, all hands were turned up for punishment. In the forepart of the quarter-deck stood Captain Morley, dressed in full uniform, holding a folded paper in his hand, apparently the articles of war. Near him were the different officers, in cocked-hats and side-arms; and a little further removed, the men. All was now anxiety as to the culprit; and there was a general murmur of regret and surprise when Richard Elkins, the boatswain's yeoman, was called forward and committed to the custody of the master-at-arms. If there was one man on board the *Hesperus*, a greater and more general favorite than another, it was Elkins. Civil and obliging to his superiors, kind and friendly to his equals, an excellent seaman, and always ready at the call of duty, he was respected and beloved both by officers and men. During the war he had been engaged in the hottest of the fray, and bore many honourable wounds in testimony of his gallantry. Repeatedly had he led the van of his comrades in boarding the enemy; twice had he, by his prowess, and at great personal risk, saved the life of an officer; and on one occasion he swam to the admiral with despatches, when the iron shower of balls and grape fell so thick that no boat could be trusted on the water.

The captain, having read before an uncovered audience the clause in the articles of war which related to the crime, folded up the paper, and with a tone of deep emotion addressed the unhappy man nearly in these words:

"Richard Elkins! through your carelessness yesterday, the ship was nearly destroyed by fire; and your shipmates have only been saved from the most dreadful of deaths, by the merciful intercession of that Being before whose awful throne you had nearly hurried them. You have broken the articles of war, having in direct opposition to orders, removed a lighted candle from the lantern in which it was placed for safety, and fastened it to a beam, and left it burning in that situation when you went to supper, (4 o'clock, P. M.) In consequence of this act of disobedience and neglect on your part, the fire broke out in the boatswain's store-room: Is this the case, Sir, or is it not?"

"It is, Sir!"

"I therefore consider it my duty to punish you, as an example to the rest of the crew; and much do I regret that one who is in every

respect so deserving a man should have incurred so severe a penalty.—Strip, Sir!”

Without a syllable in his own defence, or a single plea for mercy he took off his coat and shirt, and his brawny wrists were tied to the gratings. One only appeal he made, but not in words it was merely an expressive glance of his eye, by which he seemed to request the intercession of his officers and comrades. The benevolent commander marked that glance and it was reflected back from his own countenance, as if he wished to second the appeal. But in vain; no one spoke, for all knew that the offence was too heinous to be forgiven.

The boatswain had taken off his coat preparatory to giving the first dozen—the cat was ready in his hand—the still figure of the master-at-arms stood by, prepared to record the stripes, and the captain paced to and fro upon the deck, chucking into the air a small bunch of keys—his common practice when he was agitated. After making several turns of the quarter-deck, he at length stopped, and every one expected that he was about to give the signal to commence. For a moment he stood gazing on the culprit; it was an interval of the most anxious suspense, and all eyes were eagerly fixed upon him. At last, turning towards the boatswain, he raised his hand gently upwards, and gave the unexpected order—“Cast him off!” (unbind him.) In an instant the bonds fell from the poor fellow’s arms, and he stood, unshackled, and undegraded, among his comrades.

“Elkins!” said the captain, “I cannot flog you; it is not twenty-four since God forgave us all; it is meet that I should forgive you. Pipe down Mr. Parsons!”

Three rounds of such hearty cheers, as made the timbers of Old Hesperus ring again, succeeded this short, but truly eloquent address; and I believe I was not the only one on board who envied our noble-minded commander the grateful applauses of the seer within his own breast—an applause which, certainly, he must have that day experienced.

A gentleman, remarkable for having a great deal of lead in his forehead, called one morning on a counsellor, who asked “What news?” “Why,” says the other. “I do not know; my head is confoundedly out of order this morning.” “That is extraordinary news, indeed,” says the counsellor. “What?—an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache!” “No, sir,” says he, “I do not say that; but for so simple a machine to be out of order is extraordinary indeed!”

Friendship.

“Concerning the man you call your friend, tell me will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions, for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of private life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinctions, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend and cheerfully assist you to support the burthen of your afflictions?—When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your “tale of symptoms,” and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion, your flatterer, your seducer; but, believe me, he is not your friend.”

Th following incredible account is taken from the Hamburg Correspondent:—“The infant daughter of some peasants in the environs of Elsinore has excited universal attention by the wonderfully precocious development of her faculties. She is only two years old, but had been adopted by the captain of a ship; and it is to this circumstance that her peculiar inclination to the study of geography and astronomy is to be attributed. When scarcely thirteen months old, she could promptly point out on the map almost all the countries and remarkable places in the four quarters of the world. She could at any given time state the hour it was at Madeira, Copenhagen, Paris, and Peking. At night she could name the planets and the principal stars as they appeared, without making a single mistake.”

The Orphan's Grief.

Spring bathbuds, and birds have bowers,
Morn hath treasures for the bee,
Valleys have their opening flowers,—
But they have no smile for me.

Evening makes no song of gladness,
Dreams—no hope as they depart;
Round me swells the sigh of sadness—
Friendless is the Orphan's heart.

Born in grief and nursed in tears,
Soothed not by a parent's side—
Blissful hopes of earlier years—
Faded like bubbles on the tide.

Weary, wayworn, pale and weeping,
Dim and languid glows the eye,
Death is o'er my bosom creeping—
Who would not desire to die?

Heaven, I wait thy welcome coming,
To bind my weary brow with flowers,
Pluck'd from fields forever blooming—
From elysian, changless bowers.

Yes, methinks my mother meets me,
Angels bear my spirit home;
My redeeming Saviour greets me,
As I burst the conquer'd tomb.

Spring bath buds, and birds have bowers,
Morn hath treasures for the bee,
Valleys have their opening flowers,
I—a bright eternity.

We find the following curious circumstance related in a late English paper:—"The Rector of St. Martin's parish was sent for to pray by a gentlemen of the name of Wright, who lodged in St. James street, Pamlico. A few days afterwards Mr. Wright's solicitor called on the rector to inform him that Mr. Wright was dead, and had made a codicil to his will, wherein he had left him £1000, and Mr. Abbott, the Speaker of the House of Commons, £2000, and all his personal property and estates, deer parks, fisheries, &c. to Lady Frances Bruce Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury.—Upon the rector's going to Lord Ailesbury's to inform her ladyship, the house steward informed him that she was married to Sir Henry Wilson, of Chelsea Park, but he would go to her ladyship and inform her of the matter. Lady Frances said she did not know any such person as Mr. Wright, but desired the steward to go to the rector to get the particulars, and say that she would wait on him the next day; she did so, and found, to her great astonishment, that the whole was true; she afterwards went to St. James street and saw Mr. Wright in his coffin; and she then recollected him as having been a great annoyance to her many years ago at the Opera House, where he had a box next to her's; he

never spoke to her, but was continually watching her, look wherever she would, till at length she was under the necessity of requesting her friends to procure another box.—The estates are from £20,000 to £30,000 a year. Lady Frances intends putting all her family in mourning out of respect."

Consumption.

A young lady in the last stage of consumption, was lately restored to health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy. She had long been attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their perscriptions, and considered herself verging to the end of existence, when she retired during the summer to a vale in the country, with the intention to wait in solitude the hour of approaching dissolution. While in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature, and the wonderful works of God from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, constantly go and lick the dew off a camomile bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter his appearance, to recover strength, and finally looked plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the dog's example. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and after continuing it for some time, experienced some relief; her appetite became regular, she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.

THE PRINCE OF ANANIDOO.—When he was in England, walking out in St. James' Park, in the afternoon he observed one of his acquaintances driving in his phaeton, with four horses. The prince burst into a violent fit of laughter, and being asked the occasion of his mirth, he exclaimed, "Vat de divvel, has dat fellow eat so much dinner, dat it now takes four horses to carry him!—I rode out with him this morning, and he was then so light that one little horse run away with him. He must be either a great fool or a great glutton." Another time his friends insisted on his going to the play. He went, but was soon tired, and returned to his companions.—"Well, prince," said they "what did you see?" "Vat did I see?—I did see some men playing de fiddle, and some men playing de fool."

TO KISS OR NOT TO KISS?—When a female member of the British royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was on one occasion among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as is well known, was very deaf. "Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting. Meanwhile some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out bawled the man of office, through, a speaking trumpet, "Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"

MIND YOUR FIGURES.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars;—but when any one said the thing that was not true they ought to *whistle*. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the loaves and fishes; and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days; they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland! He had scarcely pronounced these words when he heard a loud whistle. "What is that?" said he, "call me a liar?" "It is I, Willy MacDonald, the baker." "Well Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha' told you?" "None, mass John, only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in."

HOW TO MULTIPLY COURAGE.—A gentleman passing through a certain street a few days since, spied a little fellow busily employed in inflicting rather heavy blows on his pate, just behind the ears with a brick bat. Being desirous of knowing what sin so young a child had committed, which required a penance so extraordinary, he asked the boy why he was pounding his head so violently. "Oh sir," said the lad earnestly, while the big tears chased each other down his cheeks, "that great Bill Smith called me a liar yesterday, and I'm trying to raise the bump of combativeness, so as to give him a real good licking to-morrow."—*N. Y. Journal*.

A gentleman employed an Irishman to trim a number of fruit trees. Pat went out in the morning, and on returning at noon, was asked whether he had completed his work. No, was his reply, but he had cut them all down, and was going to trim them in the afternoon!

PHRENOLOGY.—Not long since a gentleman found a large turnip in his field of the resemblance and features of the human head. Struck with the curiosity, he took a cast from it, and sent it to a phrenologist stating that it was taken from the head of Baron Pompolino, a distinguished Hanoverian, and requesting his opinion. After having examined it, he declared that there was an unusual prominence, which denoted that he was a man of acute mind and quick perception. This opinion he transmitted to the owner of the cast, requesting as a particular favor, that he might see the head. To this he politely replied, "He should feel a pleasure in complying with his request; but he was very sorry to say, he and his family had eaten it the day before with a fine leg of mutton."—*Scrap Book*.

THE WITTY SHEPHERD.—A proud parson and his man riding over a common saw a Shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone who gave him that coat. "The same," said the shepherd, "That clothed you—the parish." The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back and ask the Shepherd if he would not come and live with him for he wanted a fool. The man accordingly delivered his master's message to the Shepherd. "Why, are you going away?" said the Shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."

HOW TO GET OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A gentleman whose name was called Smith, in a certain town in Massachusetts, not long since was so enraptured with the character of the present Vice President of the United States, that he resolved to name his next son Van Buren Smith. But the next *happening* to prove a daughter, he was not a little puzzled—but at length happily concluded to drop the *V*, and the young lady is now *An Buren Smith*.

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